

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

Leaves from Nature's Book

Nothing about a plant, an animal, or a human being exists by chance. Nature may select by chance or develop an unexpected and apparently accidental characteristic, but if you look far enough you will always find that everything is the result of the working of some clear law. The needle-like leaf of the pine, for example, is the result of the need the pine had for sunshine in the comparatively short season it lives in the sun, and of the need the tree had to shed the great loads of snow in winter-time. If it had had a leaf like a banana palm, how long would it have lasted under a two-foot fall of snow? The banana leaf, on the other hand, is exactly opposite—broad, tender, casting a great shade, catching whatever moisture there is to catch and never having to bear up against wind or snow. Go on to the desert and examine the leaves of the native growth there. You could not expect to find a thin, delicate leaf on any desert because of the sandstorms, the terrific heat, the lack of moisture. So you find tough, pachydermic skin, or else skin covered with fine hairs or some substance to protect it.

Now there is something from Nature's book worth learning! The rosebush is covered with thorns, the porcupine with spines, the cactus with poison darts—all for the same purpose: defense. The strawberry hides under its broad leaves; the fruit pit, bearing the seed, is very difficult to break into; the soles of a man's feet are tough and of thickened skin. Do you think these natural protections are the result of chance?

And you can easily apply the law in your everyday existence. Taking a leaf from Nature's book, you can teach your-

self to be superior to exterior troubles and annoyances; build yourself an armor against sickness and failure, adjust yourself to your environment, or, if you find that impossible or undesirable, seek a new environment and adapt yourself to that. There is no question that Mind, trained, directed, educated, can school and guide the body, and use or discard, capitalize or ignore material things pressing upon it—can, in short, adjust itself to environment. There is nothing mysterious or complicated about it: if you can realize that you are important to the scheme only in so far as you contribute to it, why, mercy on us, you will find a smile coming easy, a laugh second nature, and a cheerful, helpful word at the tip of your tongue from morning till night.

She Doesn't Change the Rules

To our little minds some of the things Nature does seem cruel, ruthless and wasteful, just as she appears sometimes beneficent and kindly. Yet in both we are mistaken, for Nature takes just as much cognizance of the deadly snake as of the greatest statemen; she gives no more thought to the baby in your arms than to the menacing typhoid bacilli on the foot of that fly crawling toward the baby's lips; she is jealous of the dainty flowers in your garden just as much as, and no more than, she is jealous of the scorpion that hides at its base. To her the flea, the hyena, the buzzard, the cobra are important as the dog who loves and guards you.

Did it ever occur to you that only man-made laws prohibit? Moses in his Ten Commandments followed the human formula in more than half his rules. Christ, on the other hand, gave only two commandments and both were affirmative and constructive. Nature's laws are that way

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—they affirm instead of prohibiting. If you violate her laws you are your own prosecuting attorney, judge, jury and handman; Nature says you must eat sanely, sleep soundly, care for your body, avoid danger and hatred, be industrious, sober and self-respecting; and if you flout her laws you just naturally walk into the jail of indigestion, nervous prostration, worthlessness and failure—there is no appealing the case, and no alibi possible.

The impartial and implacable character of all Nature is what recommends her to me; once I know what she has to say I can order my life accordingly, take up my work, face and conquer my difficulties, always confident that the rules will not be changed on me. It is the very impersonality of Nature that impels the reverence I have for her and the eagerness I show to know her laws that I can master and apply them with all the intelligence I possess.

The Struggle for Existence

Self-reliance, self-respect and ambition are about as valuable commodities as we can carry through life. The need for them is necessitated by the struggle for existence. America is full of young gentlemen who are trying in art, literature and the theatre to picture that struggle in its darker aspects. But the struggle for existence is what makes the world what it is. It caused flowerless and dull plants to put out their advertising matter in the form of blossoms and perfume, thus attracting bees and birds and bringing about the fertilization necessary to their continued life. It was the struggle for existence that sent the elm, the walnut and the redwood towering into space; it

was the struggle for existence that gave us our farms, cities, steamships, railroads.

The struggle for existence is not actually a struggle at all. Nor is it hard, cruel and merciless. Is the law of gravity cruel and relentless? What is really going on all about us is a play of two forces—call them positive and negative—bringing into our existence pleasure and pain, hunger and food, thirst and water, heat and cold, joy and sorrow, success and failure, tears and laughter.

Those who prefer see only the blackness, the slug, poisonous air and deadly disease. For me I like to walk in my gardens and see this eternal interplay of the two forces as it appears in beauty and fragrance; I prefer the glad welcome of my dog; I prefer to contemplate the serenity of my home, the companionship of my wife, the loyalty of my friends. To me the struggle has been a game, free from bitterness, broken only by just penalties, played with the utmost fairness under the rules, and leaving me now the sense of having won a few points and having been rewarded generously for my effort.

The Greatest University

I want to write something about the University of Nature where I have studied so long. I had studied medicine in my early twenties, but had given up the idea when I found I couldn't escape being a plant breeder; after a few years I discovered that I was bringing my sketchy knowledge of medicine to the test of Nature's laws and learning more about the profession in a few months at my own work than I had in two years poring over books or listening to lectures.

And one of the truths I have learned in my University is that the moment you reach a conclusion on anything, set it up as a fact and refuse to listen to any new evidence, you have reached an intellectual dead-center. Ossified knowledge is a dead-weight to the world. I would swap a whole cartload of precedents any time for one brand-new idea. You can trace the progress of man straight along through the centuries by setting down the

inspirations of unfettered minds: Moses was an agitator and radical, Christ was an inspired dissenter, Columbus shocked the moss-backs of his time by asserting that the world was round and then proving it. The history of the world is one of revolts, heresies, idol-smashing and the consignment of precedents to the everlasting junk-pile.

The Final Harvest

In my harvest of the years I find, finally, a store of philosophy deduced from my experiences in Nature's school. Philosophy is still a branch in our universities, but philosophical reflection grows rarer day by day. We are so intent on efficiency, money-making and keeping abreast of the times, that we cannot find the leisure to examine ourselves and Nature sufficiently to draw conclusions.

Which way does our future lie? Why do we progress so slowly? After more than 13 centuries of Mohammedanism, 20 centuries of Christianity, 25 of Buddhism and Confucianism, and 4000 years of Hebrew religion, we are still greedy, selfish, short-sighted, and ready to go to war on almost any pretext. We dissipate in a few months the savings of decades, the flower of our youth, and the friendliness it has taken half a century to build. After hundreds of years spent in fostering education and scientific research, we will throw all our hard-earned lessons aside in a moment of anger or rapacity and become savages again. Is there no hope for us?

If we look in the textbooks we are certain to be baffled in our search for an answer, but if we go to Nature we discern more than one glimmer of light. For we should see how steadily and surely the force in Nature is impelling us all toward a better and higher destiny. It is the duty of each individual to make himself a tiny fragment of good influence on the right side of this eternal tug-of-war toward progress one way and chaos the other. If we are on the right side, putting our puny strength on the rope and heaving together on the upward drag toward better things, details of conduct

and little tempests of social behavior and fads and foibles and silly habits will be of no more weight than the fly on the back of the horse which leans into the collar and moves the load!

Influence is given you as the most potent gift of all; you can strengthen it by thought, study, care and the right heart, or you can dissipate and misuse it and so weaken it, yourself and the race. Your influence is your birthright and your epitaph. It can make you ephemeral, inconsequential—or it can sing through the years.

—*From the Harvest of the Years:*
Luther Burbank with Wilbur
Hall.

CHRIST IS THE DOOR

The Door is the way of entrance into any structure. It signifies, therefore, the right of admission to all that the building stands for. . . . In the Temple, the door means approach to God, and the privilege of communion with those who worship and serve Him. . . . Thus in all ancient religions the doorway was regarded as a sacred place. The threshold of the house was the primitive altar; and the threshold-covenant was one of the earliest forms of religion. . . . But the door is not only the way to Entrance. It is also the way of Egress. It leads in, and it leads out. A door through which you can pass only in one direction is not a door: it is a trap. . . . The dwellers in a human home use the door not only to enter into their place of rest, but also to go out to their places of work. . . . The Temple Door invites the worshippers to praise God in the sanctuary; but it also reminds us of the duty and privilege of going out from the holy place to serve God in the world. . . . Inward and Outward—both ways the true door invites us. Worship and Work! Life enfolded in Peace and Life enlarged in Power! This is the twofold significance of the Door! . . . And this is what Christ means when he says to us: "I am the Door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

—*Henry VanDyke.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Dept. H, Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. I am a girl, 14 years old. My mother is dead and my father isn't at home very much so I get very lonely. My aged grandmother lives with us. She likes to do tidy work such as embroidery, making rugs, etc. My 18-year-old brother likes music, and I enjoy sewing, reading and puzzles. Miss Vestel Massey, Appleton, Ark.

2. Mrs. Esther Griffiths, Sturgills, N. C., wishes to thank all who have sent her cheer, especially the one who sent her the design for a sunflower quilt. She lost her little baby last October, and 6-year-old Maxene goes to school. Paper, pencils and story books would be helpful. She would appreciate old buttons, crochet thread, or old copies of *"Better Homes and Gardens."*

3. We live in a mountain where we see very few people. My husband has gone to spend the winter away from me and two small children. Reading matter, sewing, or pictures would help pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Wayne Farmer, Rugby, Va.

4. Mrs. Viola Blevins, White Top, Va., asks for magazines, and cards to amuse

her three little girls, 2, 3, and 5 years old. They live on a rented farm, and her husband has only one leg so walks with a crutch.

5. We are elderly people and have been under the doctor's care for several years. We would be proud of any kind of cheer such as reading and sewing material. Mrs. Dora Hilliard, Norwood, N. C.

6. Mrs. Sarah Lentz, Scotland, Ark., is a widow with seven children ranging in age from 6 years to 22 years. They would enjoy books, puzzles and fancy work.

7. I have received the *Cheerful Letter* for over forty years. It has been of great help to all my family. My 10-year-old granddaughter is very interested in reading. We should like to have nature magazines, second-hand *McCalls*, *Delineators*, *Pictorial Reviews* or *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. C. G. Whitten, Clinton, Me.

8. Mrs. Frances Vess, 668 Chase Avenue, Cleburne, Tex., is grateful for all the things her family have received during the past year. She has a boy, 9 years old, and two girls, 2 and 7 years old, who love cards, picture books and Bible stories. She has a Sunday School class of young folks.

6. I enjoy my *Cheerful Letter* friends so much. I should like some good home hints, embroidery or crocheting, as I am very fond of handcraft. I am a very heavy girl of a settled age living with my parents. My sister is married so there are no other young people at home. Prella Mae Johnson, Rt. 1, Box 17, Athens, Tenn.

10. Mrs. Myna Yates, Rt. 4, Dayton, Tenn., writes that her little girl is nearly five years old and likes to look at picture books. She would be awfully glad to get some cloth sacks and reading matter.

11. I want to thank the one who sends me the *Cheerful Letter* as it is the only reading I get. My six children range in age from 11 to 22. We have all had bad colds, the "flu" and pneumonia. My husband suffers with rheumatism. I should love some fancy work, reading and scrap-books. Mrs. E. D. Tyson, Box 222, Ansonville, N. C.

12. Mrs. Charlie Gilbert, Buena Vista, Va., would appreciate any kind of reading and some pictures and cards for her six-year-old boy.

13. My *Cheerful Letter* friends have been very kind to me. I read the little magazine from cover to cover, then pass it on to a friend. I have been having the grippe and now am suffering with neuralgia. Bits of crochet and embroidery thread would help me endure the long, painful hours. Miss Rose B. Tyne, Lansing, N. C.

14. We farmed this past year but our crop burned up in the fall. Then we tried wage working but couldn't find enough work to get by so we are back with the same man we were with last year. I should like to learn to crochet if someone would send me bits of thread and instructions, also any kind of literature. Mrs. Verla Kirkpatrick, c/o D. G. Byars, Rt. 1, Chillicothe, Tex.

15. Mrs. Caroline Wall, Rt. 1, Box 44, Wadesboro, N. C., is grateful for all the cheer which she has received, and wishes to be remembered with sewing materials and reading. She lives near the highway where she can see the mailman, and deems it a great pleasure to receive mail.

Her rheumatism hinders her from doing many things.

16. Since the death of my dear husband, who was an invalid for years, my youngest son and I have lived with my married daughter. I would be thankful for bits of thread, good reading and sewing. Mrs. Laura Gibson, c/o C. R. Giles, Rt. 2, Corsicana, Tex.

17. Mrs. Allen Betts, Rt. 1, Polkton, N. C., says her husband works hard on the farm on halves. She has a little girl, 2 years old, who loves to look at magazines. She would be pleased to receive embroidery thread and books.

18. I want to thank the kind friends for past favors, and hope to be remembered in the future with fancy or plain sewing. I have a little boy, 5 years old, and three girls, 12, 15 and 18 years old. Mrs. Kate Powers, Lansing, N. C.

19. Mrs. Matilda Wyatt, Rt. 2, Box 86, White Top, Va., would like to get some bits of thread and reading, also pencils and paper to help her two children in school. Her husband, a minister, is not able to work but little and would appreciate Sunday School books.

20. We have bought land and my husband works away from home all the time and I get mighty lonesome. I have twin boys and three other children who would love books, games or puzzles. Mrs. Rebecca Kilby, Sturgills, N. C.

21. Mrs. Bessie McFarland, Manchester, N. C., is very anxious to get a book of spring and summer fashions to help her daughter in making her graduation dresses. She would also like good novels, magazines, especially *Needlecraft*, and some crochet thread.

22. Will someone be kind enough to send me sewing materials, and reading matter? I would appreciate story books, crayons and scrap paper for my three-year-old son. Mrs. Dean Kilby, Rt. 1, Box 69, Rugby, Va.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Albert L. (Ada V.) Wann of Wills Point, Tex., for 30 years a correspondent, died February 6, 1935, after a long illness.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Frances Vess from 616 Brook Ave., Waco, Tex., to 668 Chase Ave., Cleburne, Tex.

Mrs. Verla Kirkpatrick from Borger, Tex., to Chillicothe, Tex.

Mrs. Laura Gibson from Malakoff, Tex., to Rt. 2, c/o C. R. Giles, Corsicana, Tex.

Mrs. Walter Pendleton from Elamsville to Stuart, Va.

Mrs. Mary Grayhead from Brandon to Tuckerdale, N. C.

Mrs. Blanche Thompson from Moorcroft, Wyo., to Rt. 2, Norton, Kan.

Mrs. Mary Rathburn, Norton, Kan., is now Mrs. James Reed, Clayton, Kan.

Miss Galia Waddell is now Mrs. Wayne Farmer, Rugby, Va.

Miss Myrtle Hutchison, Clinton, Ark., is now Mrs. Ernest Jacobs, Scotland, Ark.

In Memoriam

MRS. CHARLES F. RUSSELL

Died

March 1, 1935

As Mary Otis Rogers, she was corresponding secretary to the club of girls, formed in 1884, in King's Chapel, Boston, Mass., whose desire to begin a friendly correspondence and exchange of reading with Shut-ins proved to be the inspiration out of which grew that which came to be known in 1892 as the *Cheerful Letter Exchange*. At this time it was decided to issue the little monthly magazine known as the *Cheerful Letter*.

For more than forty years numberless lonesome and shut-in people have had reason to be deeply grateful to this early group—of which Mrs. Russell was the inspired leader—for whatever cheer and inspiration they may have received through the *Cheerful Letter*.

A GIRL'S PRAYER

By FRANCES M. BOCK

I thank thee, Lord, for beauty
Of earth and sea and skies,
Of trees and mountains, birds and brooks,
And wings of butterflies!
I pray that—loving beauty so—
I may also lovely grow.

**NATALIE HAMMOND, GLOUCESTER
HEIRESS, TEACHES CRAFTS
ON LONELY ISLAND**

Natalie Hammond is a bona-fide heiress, but any one who supposes she typifies the "poor little rich girl" or the idle rich is entertaining a gross misconception.

Natalie is the only daughter of the noted mining engineer, John Hays Hammond, and she is scarcely more idle than her very busy and famous inventor brother, John Hays Hammond, Jr.

Just now the Hammond heiress is away on a lonely island of the Bahaman group trying to better the lot of 1500 Negro inhabitants, sharing with an English girl the role of a sort of benevolent Empress Jones.

This should go a long way, her friends point out, to prove her lack of interest in the Albanian throne. Only recently King Zog, ruler of Albania, was said to be eager to share his throne with a wealthy American girl, provided, it was understood, she would share her fortune with Albania. Zog was reported to have an agent in the country looking over the current crop of heiresses, and to have Natalie on his list. Natalie laughed heartily while denying any interest in King Zog's proposition.

In fact, Natalie appeared to lose interest in pomp and ceremony of official and society life soon after she laid aside the fine feathers of her presentation at the Court of St. James some years ago. Since then more useful activities have occupied her.

The island domain which Miss Hammond is trying to rehabilitate is one of the Whale Cay group, north of Nassau. It was leased by her English friend, Miss Elizabeth Carstairs, from the British government. Miss Carstairs is an heiress in her own right, and her views coincide very well with Natalie's. The two girls are the only white persons on the island.

They are attempting to develop the cultivation of tobacco and cotton and to interest the islanders in various creative arts and crafts. They also are supervising construction of a factory, dwellings and a chapel.

Upon her return to the United States, Miss Hammond intends to apply herself to her chief enthusiasm—art—and paint a number of American genre pictures, using old New England towns as the nucleus of a collection. She has promised the paintings, like her recent theatrical subjects shown in New York, will have a novel viewpoint.

She has made an interesting and valuable collection of maritime relics covering the period from the famous clipper ship era to the present-day fisherman. It would be difficult to live in Gloucester and not feel the lure of the sea, and Natalie has not escaped it. Her secret ambition, she confesses, is to stow away on a sailing ship bound for the most distant ports of the globe.

The Gloucester fishing schooner Natalie Hammond is named for her, and just before she left for the Bahamas she entertained the schooner's skipper, together with two members of the crew, who had leaped into icy waters to save a man, at the palatial Hammond home.

It was an afternoon affair, and the society columns may have referred to it as a "tea," but Natalie admitted she knew fishermen too well to serve that concoction.

Sailors are superstitious folk, and it is just possible the Hammond heiress has been influenced by them. Wherever she goes she wears her amulets, decorated with turquoise from the harness of a sacred Egyptian camel, and reputed to turn aside the baleful glance of the evil eye; a crucifix from her beloved Brittany and a small enameled ikon.

She also wears a flawless Ural emerald, once the property of Catherine the Great, in her personal ring.

The ring bears her crest and inscription. "Paratus et Fidelis"—ready and faithful.—*Clipped.*

Subtract hard work from life, and in a few months it will have gone to pieces. Labor, next to the grace of God in the heart is the greatest promoter of morality, the greatest power for civilization.

—Samuel C. Armstrong.

A PECK OF GOLD

Dust always blowing about the town,
Except when sea-fog laid it down,
And I was one of the children told
Some of the blowing dust was gold.

All the dust the wind blew high
Appeared like gold in the sunset sky,
But I was one of the children told
Some of the dust was really gold.

Such was life in the Golden Gate:
Gold dusted all we drank and ate,
And I was one of the children told,
"We all must eat our peck of gold."
—Robert Frost, in "Collected Poems."

LIVING BACTERIA IN COAL

Believe it or not, living, brilliant-hued bacteria have been found in Pennsylvania hard coal (anthracite) commonly estimated to be some 200,000,000 years old. As reported to the National Academy of Science by Dr. C. B. Lipman, of the University of California, who discovered these coal bugs, the coal was obtained by a Bureau of Mines representative in the Pottsville area, 1,800 feet below the surface. An inch and a half of the surface of the piece of coal was scraped off, the remainder was placed in a 30 per cent solution of hydrogen peroxide for nearly five hours to sterilize the surface, then part of the heart of the lump was taken with sterilized forceps and thrust into a 95 per cent solution of alcohol. Next the alcohol was burned off and the lump placed in the flame of a bunsen burner until the entire surface was seared. This done, the lump was dropped into a heat sterilized mortar and crushed with a sterilized pestle. Finally, a sterilized spoon was used to remove some of the powder, which was placed in the kind of medium where germs are kept from contamination. In this "medium" the germs were given a chance to reproduce, which they did, multiplying to millions in a few hours, to the great surprise of the scientist. Apparently the coal bugs had survived for millions of years sealed up in the heart of the anthracite mass.

—Selected.

THE SKY VILLAGE FESTIVAL

The afternoon sun was flinging a rich crimson veil over the semi-arid plain, softening the outlines of the mesa standing immutable under those rare turquoise skies, when we reached the village where we were to spend the night. A half dozen 'dobe houses, a thriving peach orchard (irrigated), and a combination general store and post office comprised the Indian settlement at the foot of the cliff. Some thousand feet or more above, two more villages huddled together on the rocky top of the mesa, the whole area of which was not much larger than a fair-sized ballroom. One of these villages was the objective of our two days' hegira into the desert, for there, beginning at sunrise the next day, was to be staged one of the most spectacular and dramatic of the Indian ceremonial dances—the Katchina, or Dance of the Gods.

A friendly Indian, from whom we had once bought baskets and blankets in another pueblo, offered us the hospitality of his house for the night. He himself was one of the dancers and must remain with the others for the final period of fasting and rites in the *kiva* or secret underground chamber built into the side of the mesa. The huge corn bin, occupying at least a third of the room, was filled with the richly colored corn—bright blue, red and purple—which plays so large a part in the religious lives of the Indians. From the blue cornmeal is made the special bread with which the dancers break their long preliminary fast.

Our camp supper was cooked on the tiny stove which served the Indian for both cookstove and furnace; and soon we had spread our sleeping bags outdoors and were watching the brilliant pageantry of the heavens. Night comes slowly in the desert country. The sunset lingers on, its lambent fires playing over the limitless expanse of reddish sand, and turning a spotlight of purple and shadowy lavender on the mesa. As the daylight fades, the sky becomes a dome of deep blue-black, through which the stars break like crystalline flowers. In that clear atmosphere

the sky seems very near, and the planets are like jewels a hand-breadth away.

The sunrise next morning over the desert was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Far away over the level plain the first faint suggestion of daylight stirred the curtain of night; then the east became a glowing, shimmering proscenium against which the drama of the rising sun enacted itself again in all its splendor. The tip of a ball of fire appeared over the horizon, then half a disc, and finally a glowing orb in which were gathered all the glories of the world.

We sat up in our sleeping bags and rubbed our eyes at the wonder and the beauty of it. However, we were brought back to earth and human activities by a caravan trekking across the desert below us. It was a varied caravan—solitary figures on horseback, groups of riders, covered wagons, and uncovered wagons. The neighboring tribes of Indians were en route for the Dance of the Gods, and it would be a festal day a thousand feet above us on the mesa. The road from the plain to the foot of the mesa wound past our little house, and a close view of the pilgrims was even more thrilling than the distant picture. An Indian is always a noble rider. The Indian women are good riders, too. The gala dress of the Navajo women is also an especially handsome riding outfit, consisting of a full, billowing, ankle-length skirt, a brilliant velvet jacket, usually purple or crimson, close-fitting like a basque and trimmed with silver coins.

After a hasty breakfast, we scrambled into our car, and drove up the narrow winding roadway to the top of the mesa. The glamorous scene spread out before us when we reached the top of the plateau would have satisfied even the most exacting dramatic critic. The dancers had finished the first "movement" (probably *allegro con moto!*) and were marching away from the small plaza after the usual distribution of gifts. First came the band of dancers wearing brilliant masks surmounted by headpieces of the most fantastic and colorful design. The masks were for the most part bright blue, striped

with red and black, and painted with huge eyes and ferocious maws. These masks and headpieces constituted the most striking part of the ceremonial costume. The blankets were dark and finely woven, and the moccasins were of white elk or buckskin, trimmed with fur.

Following the procession of dancers came the children wearing gay shawls and dresses, their brown faces radiant with holiday spirit. Each child carried a bundle of green cornstalks in which were tied gifts—wooden dolls for the little girls, and, in accordance with some strange custom, canteloupes for the boys. This festival in July corresponds to a Christmas celebration, and the dolls and melons hidden in the cornstalks mean to the Indian children exactly what a stocking full of toys means to white children. All the squaws wore gala attire, and their brilliant blankets and velvet jackets added to the tide of color.

Presently the dancers wound down the narrow pathway to the *kiva* followed by the squaws carrying blue corn bread made into thin sheets. Since the dancers had fasted for nine days preceding the dance, breakfast was no doubt a merry feast.

While the Indians participating in the celebration were breakfasting and resting, we looked about us at the strange life on the cliff. The doors of many of the small 'dobe houses were open, and glimpses of the domestic life were inevitable. We saw one family at breakfast—a group of children and their parents seated in a circle on the floor around the bowl of lamb stew.

Presently the dancers returned, winding up the cliffside in a solemn and beautiful procession. They took their places in two rows, the "orchestra" squatted on the ground before them, the singers drew a deep breath, and the dance began. With perfect rhythm they executed the symbolic movements; stamping, lifting their arms, and changing position with military precision. The two "fire boys," lads of ten or twelve years, specially chosen for this honor, wove in and out of the two rows of figures in perfect time, their

beautiful brown bodies shining in the morning sun, their hands waving with the unstudied grace of youth.

A chorus of men's voices constituted the music for the dancers—and Indian music is unlike any other music. The deep, rich intonations reverberate with solemn, sacred effect. The "orchestra" consisted of four men in women's costume, and their instruments were hollow gourds with strings stretched over them. The effect produced by the scraping of these strings is weird beyond description, but the peculiar resonance blends with the men's voices and produces a strangely harmonious result.

It is difficult for a white man to catch the shades of meaning, and to follow the trend of the dance understandingly, because the movements of the dance and even the symbolism behind the movements are, more often than not, a matter of tradition with the Indians, rather than of actual teaching. But even an outsider can sense the rise of feeling to a high point, and the almost ecstatic detachment of the dancers, which is the acknowledged essential of any great dramatic effort. The tone of this special ceremonial is much too subtle to be classified as the mere naiveté of primitivism. It combines all of that brilliant color effect, dramatic technique, and daring symbolism after which the moderns are striving.

Imagine, if you can, all this colorful pageantry against the pinkish tan of the 'dobe village, set on this high mesa, and over it all the purest of turquoise skies.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no
rise

From outward things, whate'er you may
believe.

There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and, to
know

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may
escape,

Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

—*Robert Browning.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CAROLINE AND THE WENDY
HOUSE

Whatever Aunt Beta did was exciting. She went to exciting places, lived in an exciting country house, and wore exciting clothes. The clothes were very strong—homespun skirts and leather coats, and boots that looked as if they could not be happy unless they were stumping their way across rough, damp places.

"If you are a gardener you must dress for the job," Aunt Beta said, and out she would go, no matter how cold or how windy or how wet it might be, to make her beautiful garden a little bit more beautiful still.

One sunny winter's day Caroline went with her mother to visit Aunt Beta and to see some very special plants she had brought home with her from the Swiss mountains. Caroline wasn't particularly interested in plants but she was most desperately interested in Aunt Beta, and as they followed her into the garden she thought she must be some someone out of a story book and that the garden must be a story-garden, and that something wonderfully exciting was just about to happen.

They crossed the lawn and broke into a tangle of trees and bushes. Everything was very wet. The spiders' webs were heavy with melting frost, and large silvery drops of water were running along the branches and dripping into the grass.

Caroline held her breath. "Something—is—going—to—happen," she whispered to herself, and the sun shone through the trees into her eyes and made everything look like blue diamonds.

They came to a little clearing. Aunt Beta stooped down to point out the plants in a rockery, but Caroline was looking at something above her head. It was a tiny house, perched in the crook of a tree where two branches met. It had a front door with a few winding steps leading up to it, a window, and a chimney in the pointed roof.

Caroline caught Aunt Beta's arm. "Look!" she cried, "I have found some-

one's tiny home!"

Aunt Beta stood up. "That is my Wendy house," she said. "I put it there for the birds to nest in, but they have never found the hole at the back."

"A Wendy house," Caroline repeated, clasping her hands together.

Aunt Beta lifted a weeny latch at one side and opened the door, and as she did so a little tune came out of the Wendy house, the sweetest fairy notes you can imagine, a perfect little tune that played itself through and then stopped.

"What is it?" whispered Caroline. "Where did it come from?"

"It only plays when the door opens," Aunt Beta explained. "There is a little music box in the gable," and she closed the door again.

"Oh, it is lovely," Caroline gasped. "Oh, Aunt Beta, it is lovely!"

"I think you must take it home with you," said Aunt Beta, "the birds don't seem to want it," and then she turned to Caroline's mother and began to talk of something else.

After a minute or two they left the rockery and crossed the lawn again, but the little house was left in the tree just where it was.

All the time until they left to go home Caroline hoped desperately that Aunt Beta would say something about the little house. She wanted it more than anything else in the world. To have a Wendy house of her own—a tiny house that would play a tune! She could imagine nothing more wonderful. But the time came to leave and the Wendy house was not mentioned again.

"I could have made a corner for it in my bedroom," Caroline thought, for she lived in the middle of a town where there were no trees. "Perhaps Aunt Beta will send it to me by post."

But day after day went by and no parcel arrived, and finally she gave up looking for it.

The winter passed and spring came before they went to see Aunt Beta again. The garden, as they passed through it on

their way to the house, was looking gay in its newly opened flowers. Shyly Caroline turned her head to the wild part beyond the lawn, but she did not say anything.

While they were sitting in the drawing room she thought and thought about the tiny house. She thought about it so much and so hard that she could not bear to go on listening to the grown-up conversation any more, and getting up she made her way quietly to the French window which was standing partly open. She waited by the curtain for a minute or two and then slipped out and ran across the lawn.

Almost breathlessly she pushed her way between the bushes to the rock garden, and there after a moment's search resting so sweetly on the crook of the branches just as she remembered it, was the Wendy house.

She stood very still looking and looking at it, with its little steps and tiny door, the dearest, neatest musical home in the world. Then her fingers went up to the latch, and very carefully she opened the door. The little tune began to play, more lightly, more gently she thought than before, and at the same time something seemed to move and rustle in the tiny room.

"Wendy!" thought Caroline.

She raised herself on tip-toe and peeped in. From a nest of moss and leaves the round, sharp eyes of a bird gazed back at her in a startled, questioning way.

"Shut the door, please, please shut the door," it seemed to say, and very quietly Caroline obeyed.

She stood there looking at the Wendy house for a long time. It was so silent, so wonderful, with its secret hidden close like a whisper that is only just beginning. And then she made her way past the bushes and across the lawn, and slipped through the French window, back into the drawing-room. Her mother and Aunt Beta were still talking by the fire. Neither of them seemed to have noticed that she had been away.

And as she sat in a corner of the car that evening, on the way home, looking

out of the window into the night shadows, she thought of the Wendy bird and the little house, and felt completely happy.

—By Dorothy A. Lovell in
Christian Science Monitor.

THE LITTLE RAMBLER ROSE

Once there was a little rambler rose who grew in some very tall grass. One night, just before bedtime, a zephyr and the grass began to play a game of hide and seek. While the little rambler rose was standing on tiptoe and looking up to watch the game, she caught a glimpse of the Big Dipper.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "And how happy I should be if I could, in some small way, resemble the stars! But I am only a stem holding up a few green leaves," she told herself. "How can I hope to be like those lovely lights that sparkle high in the north?"

After thinking for some time, the little rambler rose decided to travel skyward. "I can never shine like the stars," she said. "Neither can I reach them. Yet I shall approach them as nearly as I can." And immediately she started on the journey.

"Where are you going, little friend?" asked the grass.

"Toward the stars, as far as I can go," replied the little rambler rose. And on she went.

After a while she met three primroses resting on the banks of a stream.

"Where are you going, little friend?" they asked.

"Toward the stars, as far as I can go." And on she went.

A lilac bush saw her passing and called out: "Where are you going, little friend?"

"Toward the stars, as far as I can go." And on she went.

Soon the rambler rose reached a fence, and she asked: "May I climb you, Fence?"

"Certainly you may," was the reply.

Just as she was arriving at the top of the fence, the bough of an old apple tree almost touched her.

"May I climb you, Apple Tree?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," said the apple tree. "You will make me more beautiful than I have been in a long time." The little Rambler climbed until she reached the highest branch of the old apple tree, and there she paused to rest.

One morning she felt very, very happy, as if something wonderful were going to take place. Later, a humming bird flying that way saw that she wore some beautiful yellow flowers.

He hurried away as fast as he could go, and told the grass, the primroses, and the lilac bush that little Rambler rose was wearing a cluster of golden blossoms that made one think of a shower of stars. And the grass and the flowers and the shrub were glad when they heard the news that the humming bird told, for they loved the little Rambler rose.

—E. M. Carroll
in *The Christian Register*.

Mark Twain one day went to call on Harriet Beecher Stowe of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame. Frequently careless about his dress, he was not aware until Mrs. Clemens told him on his return home, that he was minus a necktie. A little later Mrs. Stowe answered her door to a messenger who gave her a small package. Opening it, she found a black silk necktie and a brief note, "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I stayed half an hour this morning, without this necktie. At the end of that time, will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have. Mark Twain."

—*Christian Science Monitor*.

"There are some people who believe the whole human race will be saved," said the old lady, "but for my part, I hope for better things."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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